

CUMBERLAND'S

No 138. MINOR THEATRE. 6d.

BEING A COMPANION TO

Cumberland's British Theatre.

**RULE BRITANNIA;
OR, THE FEMALE SACRIFICE.**

A NAUTICAL DRAMA,

In Two Acts,

BY A. L. V. CAMPBELL,

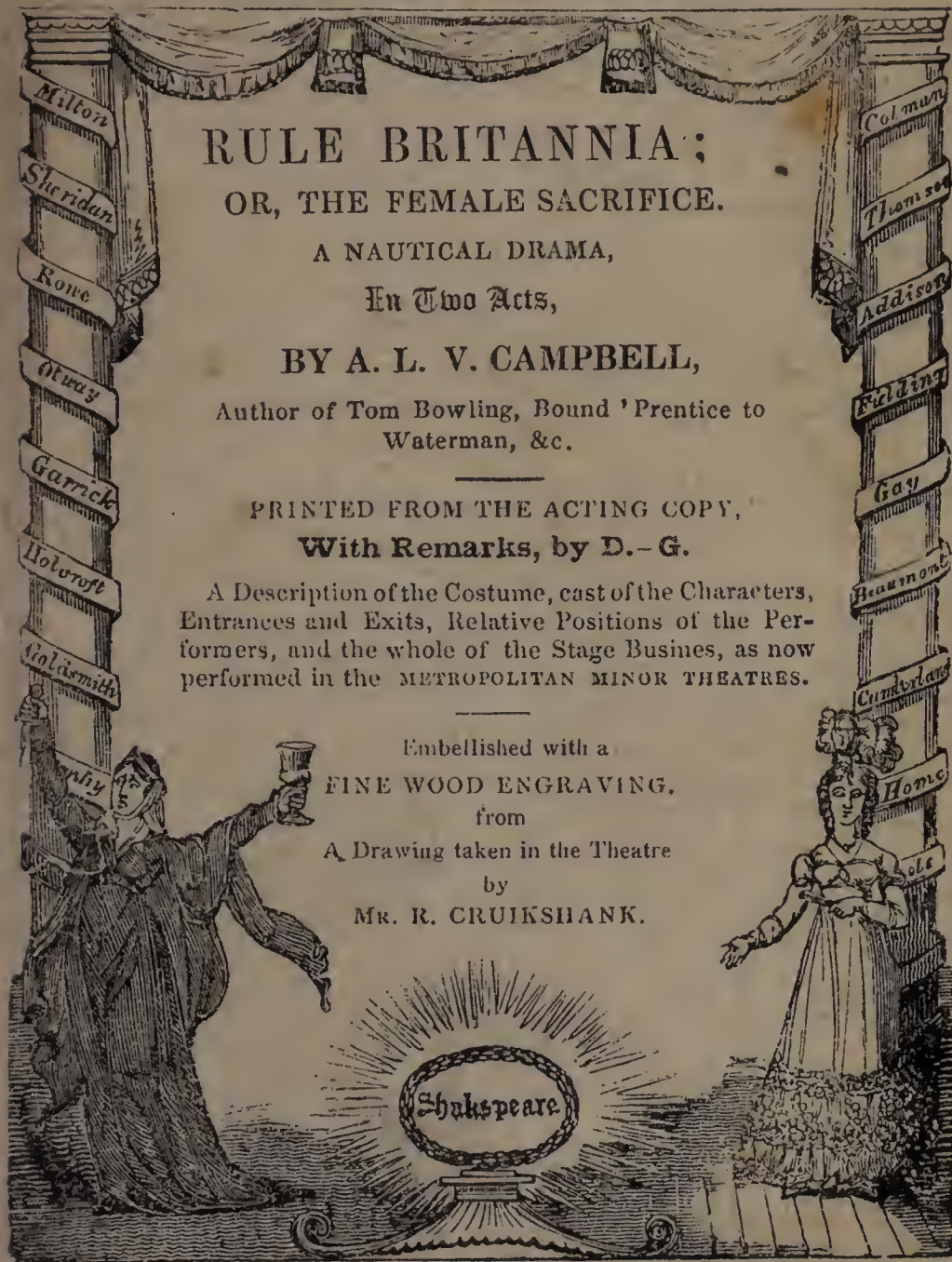
Author of Tom Bowling, Bound 'Prentice to
Waterman, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY,

With Remarks, by D.-G.

A Description of the Costume, cast of the Characters,
Entrances and Exits, Relative Positions of the Per-
formers, and the whole of the Stage Business, as now
performed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with a
FINE WOOD ENGRAVING.
from
A Drawing taken in the Theatre
by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.



JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE, CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

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CUMBERLAND'S BRITISH AND MINOR THEATRE:

WITH REMARKS BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

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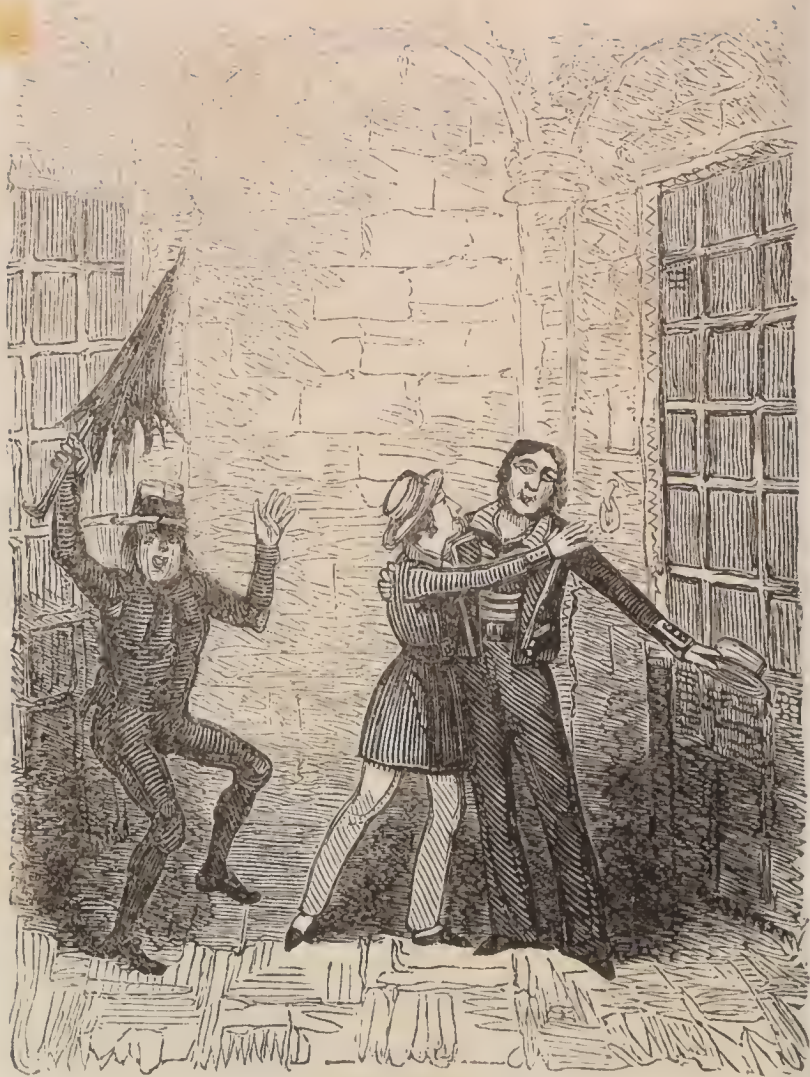
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Rule Britannia.

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Act II. Scene 1.

RULE BRITANNIA.

A NAUTICAL DRAMA,

In Three Acts,

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Author of Tom Bowling, Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman, &c.

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THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As performed at the

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LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
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REMARKS.

Rule Britannia.

WHEN Thomson wrote this national air, little did he dream of the immortality for which it was destined—that it would be the rallying song of Britons to future times, and make millions of patriotic hearts leap in their bosoms at its inspiring melody! 'Tis a majestic image; Britannia ruling the waves that lash her white cliffs! Surrounded by this eternal barrier, she laughs to scorn foreign aggression;—and when in defence of other nations, she has been called to assert her victorious supremacy, her tributary waves have not been the only scene of her triumphs, as the well-fought fields of Agincourt, Blenheim—and the hundred battles that grace the ducal coronet of Waterloo's unconquered hero—England's noblest son! can tell. That Britons never will be slaves—in the most opprobrious and degraded sense—the slaves of despotism, or anarchy—that they will maintain their scrupulous honour, their high tone of morals, their reverence for things sacred, their ardent love of country, inherent spirit of freedom, intrepidity in fight, humanity in conquest, and the thousand charities that make up the perfect man—we are well assured,

“If England to herself do be but true.”

The dramatic Jack Tar of former times was an ill-conditioned sea-monster, fit only to provoke the rudest mirth. A new light has since broke in upon him; he is become a rational being, and not a whit less entertaining. Martin Roseberry and his sister Selina, had been left orphans from their childhood. Industry and a willing heart had provided for his beloved charge, until the impress service hurried the young fisherman to a distant land. Years passed away without brother or sister hearing of each other. Yet, however uncertain might be the fate of Martin, to Selina fortune seemed to promise many happy days. We welcome a knave, when he opportunely steps in to perplex the plot! Honest men are the soft, easy cushions, on which audiences fall asleep! Sir William Pledger is a disciple of the “greatest—Quantity” school. He seeks the “greatest quantity” of sensual gratification to himself, by the “greatest quantity” of injury to others. He had betrayed the daughter of a French officer, and abandoned her. His present scheme is to send a press-gang after James Heartwin, a young sailor, that the only obstacle to his designs on Selina Roseberry may be removed far away. His factotum in this affair is Bobby Crick, a village barber. He is the bearer

of a letter to the Lieutenant of the *Britannia*, tying off Folkstone, which, in his bustle and capering, he drops, and Selina picks up, reads, replaces on the ground, and then hastens to assume a sailor's disguise that she may get pressed instead of her lover. Crick returns, all trepidation and fidget at the loss of the letter; recovers it, chuckles at his good fortune, and delivers it to the right owner. The trick succeeds, and Selina is hurried on board the ship. Here she meets with strange companions and adventures, and a French prison proves her destiny. Among the captured, is a British seaman, who had particularly marked the delicate young sailor; and, as Jack had a woundy knack of knowing a man from a woman, he hints, after his own blunt fashion, his suspicions, which a thousand awkward excuses and crimson blushes soon confirm. But Jack loves a petticoat too well, not to grant it honourable protection in time of need;—and his true gallantry meets its reward; when, by the accidental mention of her name, he discovers the tender plant that he left years long since disconsolate behind, expanded into the full blossom and beauty of womanhood.

“Fair was the bud, but fairer the flower.”

Martin and Selina exchange tender recollections; enquire what weal, or woe has befallen them since their long parting; and bless the hand that again unites them, though it be in a dungeon in a foreign land. Yet even here they find a friend. The commandant has a daughter residing in England—dear to him, though fallen. He would recover her; and who so well fitted to perform this service, as the generous-hearted British sailor, whom the tempest, not the fortune of war, has thrown into his power? An accident occurs, which makes Martin an important personage in the garrison. Two Frenchmen, who had been flogged for the trifling peccadillos of drunkenness, thieving, and desertion, meditate a plan to rid themselves of their goalers. 'Tis a fête day, the prisoners are to have a holiday; doubtless the Colonel will drink a health to all, to which the soldiers will respond. A potent poison, infused into the liquor, will do the business, and their liberty will be certain! Martin overhears this notable scheme, and adroitly removes the deadly draught from the governor's seat, and substitutes the harmless bottle which the villains had intended for themselves. The Colonel, as was anticipated, pledges all present, and the deserters anxiously watch the instantaneous effect of the poison. One of them instantly drops down dead; the other, not having tasted, lives; and Martin, coming forward, explains the mystery.


At this moment, a signal is fired from the *Britannia*; and while the Frenchmen are staring aghast with double wonder, a party of British sailors cut their way into the fortress by a secret path, and hoist the Union Jack of Old England, with three cheers for “Rule Britannia!” The cabin of his majesty's good ship suddenly becomes the region of romance—a tale of India—of love, oppression, and sorrow, told by a noble sufferer, interests all hearts, and fills all eyes with tears.

In England, new mysteries await our dramatis personæ. Selina Roseberry, restored to her lover, is charged with theft, and brought before a magistrate. Her accuser, a worthless dependant of Sir William, swears point blank to certain trinkets found in her box; but cunningly placed there by the dexterous hand of the mendacious barber. But the barber “lacks advancement,” except in villainy.—He begins to distrust his patron—there is not so much gratitude in the world as would incommode the eye of a bodkin!—and while resolution is halting between two opinions, Martin squeezes the truth out of him with a grapple, and makes him, as many of his betters are made, (under fear of a halter!) an honest man. Sir William Pledger, thus publicly unmasked by his creature, Crick, is compelled to listen to a guilty chapter of his early life. He had once a brother, made away with by his treachery, and supposed to be dead in a distant land, whose estate he had squandered in sensuality and vice. But an unseen power had warded off the assassin’s blow, piloted him in safety o’er the deep waters, crowned his industry with abundant riches, restored him to his native home; and, to cover with confusion and dismay this unnatural brother, placed him on the judgment seat to proclaim aloud his falsehood and dishonour! The noble sufferer, whose melancholy tale had so deeply interested the Britannia’s crew, is the stranger thus restored to his birthright; and, by an intervention equally miraculous, made happy by a re-union to his beloved Immayeh, long since mourned as lost to him for ever.

The waggeries of Bobby Crick, the iniquitous, ubiquitous barber, bobbing from pillar to post—and Jeremy Supple, a melancholymountebank in raggamuffin mourning, moping for his lost love, and falling into all manner of odd mishaps for a mouthfull, were most farcically acted by Messrs. Dunn and Rogers. Than the latter, it were impossible to imagine a scarecrow more hopeless and ragged.

“Shirts for the shirtless, suppers for the starved,” had been an announcement to set his tatters fluttering with extacy. We would advise Jeremy, unless he wants a *ride*, to lie close and keep Guy-Faux-day in his garret!

Praise is due to Mr. Campbell for his clever drama, and lively personation of Martin Roseberry; and in an especial degree to Miss Julian, who drew many tears in the distracted, heart-broken Mabel—a character ingeniously wound in with the plot, and conducting to its dramatic effect.

 D.—G.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at Sadler's Wells Theatre.

<i>The Honourable Gerard Pledger</i>	Mr. Hicks.
<i>Sir William Pledger</i>	Mr. C. Pitt.
<i>Colonel de la Garde</i>	Mr. Burton.
<i>Lieutenant Clarispe</i>	Mr. C. J. Smith.
<i>Martin Roseberry</i>	Mr. Campbell.
<i>James Heartwin</i>	Mr. T. Lee.
<i>Jeremy Supple</i>	Mr. Rogers.
<i>Bobby Crick</i>	Mr. Dunn.
<i>Captain Morris (of the Britannia)</i>	Mr. Ray.
<i>Lieutenant Evans</i>	Mr. Jones.
<i>La Mort</i>	} (<i>French Prisoners</i>)	Mr. George.
<i>Le Franc</i>		Mr. King.
<i>Jarvis</i>	} (<i>Smugglers</i>)	Mr. Scarbrow.
<i>Runner</i>		Mr. Williams.
<i>Selina Roseberry</i>	Miss Williams.
<i>Mabel</i>	Miss Julian.
<i>Goody Molly</i>	Mrs. Harris.
<i>Inmalayeh</i>	Miss Squeers.
<i>Mary Hart</i>	Miss Browne.

English Sailors, French Soldiers, Smugglers, Constables, & Servants

Costume.

GERARD PLEDGER.—*First dress*: Loose gray brahmins gown—sash—turban—red slippers. *Second dress*: Black suit.

SIR WILLIAM PLEDGER.—Brown frock-coat—black waistcoat and trowsers.

COLONEL DE LA GARDE.—French officer's uniform.

LIEUTENANT CLARISPE.—Ibid, with scarlet trowsers.

MARTIN ROSEBERRY.—Sailor's jacket and trowsers—guernsey shirt—leather belt.

JAMES HEARTWIN.—*First dress*: Guernsey shirt—petticoat trowsers—pea jacket—fisherman's boots. *Second dress*: Countryman's neat brown coat—flowered waistcoat—light breeches—coloured stockings—shoes and buckles.

JEREMY SUPPLE.—Short-tailed shabby black coat—long black waistcoat and breeches—black stockings, darned with light thread—shoes and buckles.

BOBBY CRICK.—*First dress*: Salmon-coloured eccentric-cut coat and waistcoat, trimmed with blue—blue breeches—gray stockings—shoes and buckles—three-cornered hat—Caleb Quotem wig. *Second dress*: Shabby black suit, in the same style.

CAPTAIN MORRIS & LIEUTENANT EVANS.—Naval uniforms.

LA MORT & LE FRANC.—Tattered dark blue jackets and red trowsers, the extreme of wretchedness.

SELINA ROSEBERRY.—*First dress*: Buff coloured cotton gown—white muslin apron and tippet—straw bonnet. *Second dress*: Sailor's neat suit, with straw hat.

MABEL.—Dark green boddice—red petticoat—small red cloak—blue stockings—black shoes—gipsy hat—all fantastically trimmed.

GOODY MOLLY.—Old fashioned chintz gown—muslin cap—neckerchief and apron—high-heeled shoes.

INMALAYEH.—Indian dress.

RULE BRITANNIA;

OR, THE

FEMALE SACRIFICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Smuggler's Retreat, near the Sea Shore
—a lugger at anchor.—Dusk.*

JARVIS, RUNNER, and SMUGGLERS, *discovered, landing
goods from a boat.*

SOLO and CHORUS.

Solo. All's well as yet; and still all's well;—
Not a step or a sound we hear,
Save the distant bome of the hamlet bell,
Proclaiming that daylight is near.

Chorus. For daylight is the smuggler's bane,
And darkness is best on the sea;
O'er the white crested wild foaming main,
We sail both with profit and glee.

[*Music.—The Smugglers, having stowed the goods
away, bring forward a keg, and begin drinking.*

Jar. (L. c.) Glad to see you so merry, my lads, but
if my information be correct, we shall have but little time
for drinking.

Omnes. (R. c.) What's in the wind now?

Jar. Why, the sails are in the wind and on the yards
—the yards are on the masts, and the masts belong to his
majesty's ship Britannia, which is expected in the offing
to-morrow; and if she sends a boat ashore, some of us may
chance to spend our christmas a considerable distance from
Folkstone.

James Heartwin. [*Without, R.*] Hillio! hillio!

Jar. Here's Heartwin, he'll tell us the news, I warrant.

Run. I hardly know what to make of Jim, he's too

much in love to be of service to us. I wouldn't trust a man in love with a rap!

Enter JAMES HEARTWIN, R.

Hea. (c.) Who wouldn't you trust, you two-legged rhinoceros? But avast jawing! the Britannia is expected from the downs, you may guess for what purpose.

Jar. Easily.—So hark'ee, lads: as you don't fancy serving on board a man-o'-war, away to the lugger!—and, 'till the storm blows over, we can hug the French land closer than her ladyship would like to venture. Farewell, Jim! remember, our secret is in your hands; if you betray us, you know the consequence. On board! on board!

[Music.—The Smugglers get into the boat, and the lugger sails off, L.]

Hea. What a strange lot is mine! Discovering by accident the secret of reckless smugglers, I am compelled to keep it, or lose my life. Oh, Selina! were it not for thee, I would dare all to free myself from thralldom. *[Looking off, R.]* Yonder comes Crick—a double-dealing knave—barber, revenue officer, and smuggler.

Enter CRICK, R.

So ho, Crick! whither away so fast?

Crick. Fast!—fast is my motto—eat fast, drink fast, shave fast, sleep fast, walk fast—

Hea. And talk fast.

Crick. Exactly—never did anything slow—ran away from home fast—arrived at Folkstone—at first did nothing but fast—fortune changed—I got on fast; and here, ever since the glorious year eighteen hundred and five, I have stuck fast.

Hea. (R. c.) Why do you call it the glorious year eighteen hundred and five?

Crick. (c.) You ask that!—*you*—an Englishman!—D—me, you're a mongrel! Didn't Nelson lather the French in that year?—fast as they ran, he ran faster, powdered, shaved, and dressed them to their heart's content, while every tar in the service sung out “Rule Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!”

Hea. True, true! I had forgotten that at the moment.

Crick. Forgot it! More shame for you!—It ought never to be forgotten;—it ought to stick in a Briton's memory, like pitch to a tar-bucket. How dare you, or any other Englishman, bawl out, “Pray remember the fifth of

November!" while he is base enough to forget the glorious twenty-first of October?

Hea. Right, mate, right!

Crick. To be sure I am. Mr. James Heartwin, I an't in the habit of swearing, but I must confess that I cannot help popping out a leetle damn now and then, when I read every year of the guns being fired because one Guy Fawkes was caught in a cellar, while the anniversary of the great and glorious triumph of the British navy, is passed in silence and forgetfulness.

Hea. Why, if every triumph of the British were thus celebrated, it would ruin the nation in gunpowder.

Crick. Egad, that's true. Well, if it's too expensive to to fire guns, curse 'em, they might ring bells, hoist flags,—and thus tell all the little boys to bear in mind what the thunder of England has done.

Hea. You're a patriot, Mr. Crick.

Crick. And a barber, Mr. Heartwin.

Hea. And many other trades, if report speaks true.

Crick. Don't credit report. Lots of reports followed Selina Roseberry's arrival here.

Hea. Poor girl! fortune dealt hardly by her. Her parents lived and died at Yarmouth. Her brother Martin went as cabin-boy aboard a West Indiaman, and has never since been heard of. Selina has lived nine years in Folkstone; she was brought here by her aunt, who dying, left her to the care of old Goody Molly. I'm in love with her, and we intend to be married as soon as I have the means of maintaining her.

Crick. Well said, Jemmy! And now, if you are going my way, I'll entertain you with a dish of gossip.

Hea. Heave a-head, barber! I'm close in your wake.

[*Exeunt*, L.]

SCENE II.—*The Country, near Folkstone.*

Enter SIR WILLIAM PLEDGER, R.

Sir W. At length I have parted from her—she has left my house. Mabel, I *did* love thee, wench; but Selina Roseberry has taken possession of my heart, and she must be mine. Poor Mabel! will not the world say I turned her from my door when I became satiated with her charms? Well, let it say! I offered her wealth, but she spurned my offer. [*Looking off*, L.] Ha! yonder comes one who can serve me; he would pawn his soul for gold.

Enter CRICK, L.

Welcome, thou man of fertile genius! I have need of thee.

Crick. Who has not? I'm the most useful little man in Folkstone. You, sir, have often profited by my talents, and may again if you think proper.

Sir W. [*Giving a letter.*] Take this to the press-master at Folkstone, deliver it into his hands, and I will reward you handsomly.

Crick. Conclude it done, your honour.

[*Exit, hastily, L.—as he goes off, he drops the letter.*]

Sir W. Cupid! cupid! thou concocter of mischief! lend me thy aid, and I will prove myself thy most grateful votary!

[*Exit, L.*]

Enter SELINA ROSEBERRY, R.

Sel. Darkness has overtaken me sooner than I expected on my road home from Dover. Heigho! where can James be, I wonder? Gone to rest, perhaps. His is an arduous and a dangerous life. Would he were settled on shore, and I his—for shame, Selina! what are you dreaming of? [*Seeing the letter.*] Ha! what's this? [*Picking it up.*] a letter!—addressed to the press-master at Folkstone!—It is not sealed; I'll read it. I may, perhaps, render some one a service. [*Reading.*] "*Mr. Evans—James Heartwin, a smuggler, passing for a fisherman, has been a seaman.—This evening you will find him on the beach, by the black stone, making signals. The Britannia is in the offing. I say no more.—Yours, WILLIAM PLEDGER.*" Providence, I thank thee! this is indeed an intervention. [*Looking off.*] Ha! some one comes.

[*She throws down the letter, and exits, R.*]

Re-enter CRICK, L.

Crick. Where can I have dropped the letter? [*Seeing it.*] Ha! this is lucky. [*Picking it up.*] Into my pocket-book you go; nor see the light again until you are safely delivered into the hands of Lieutenant Drag-em-off, press-master of Folkstone.

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE III.—*A Chamber—a bed and curtains, R. U. E.—a trunk, C.—two chairs and a table, with a lamp burning on it, L. C.*

Enter SELINA, cautiously, C. D. F.

Sel. How shall I warn him of his fate? Ha! it beams

upon me! Heaven direct me in the thought it has inspired! James, I will save thee! Do I not love thee—when I hazard even my reputation for thy sake. Should I be found in this apartment, in the dead of the night, what would the world say? Quick, Selina! quick—to thy work!

[She opens the trunk, takes from it a hat, jacket, trowsers, and waistcoat, ties them in a bundle, and exits, cautiously, L. S. E.—A pause.]

Enter JAMES HEARTWIN, C. D. F.

Hea. Did I not see a figure pass? No, no! it must have been fancy—imagination, heated by excitement and fatigue. The lugger is expected in; I will be there.—To-night shall be the last with my associates. To-morrow's dawn shall light me to Selina. To her will I propose my future plans;—she will approve of them—I know she will, and we may yet be happy.

[Music.—He reclines on the bed, and the scene changes.]

SCENE IV.—*The Beach—Cliffs and Sea—a Cottage, L. S. E.—Storm and rain.*

Enter JEREMY SUPPLE from the cottage, with a ragged umbrella up.

Jer. Lawks! lawks! what a night this is to be sure! my little cottage leaks like a colander. I got wet in doors, so I've come to dry myself out of doors. I don't remember such a night since my sweetheart ran away from me with marble-faced Jemmy the rat-catcher. I'm an unhappy little being. My mother left me eight shillings a week and a leaky cottage. If this weather lasts long, and I don't run away from the cottage, the cottage will run away from me. Nobody will employ me, because "I'm so dismal"—they say I give everybody the horrors. I give myself the horrors, and have had the horrors, ever since I lost my sweetheart. *[Retires up, musing.]*

Enter MABEL, disguised as a gipsy, R.

Mab. (c.) So—he has driven me from his door, and this is the reward of my fondness for him. My jewels were my own; from him I have received nothing. The sale of those jewels will give me sustenance while life holds within me,—that will not be long. In this disguise, unknown, will I hover near him, and, when least ex-

pected, the vengeance of a breaking heart shall fall on my seducer. [*Seeing Jeremy.*] Ha! a stranger! Why are you loitering in the storm?—how long hast thou been here?

Jer. [*Musing.*] Every since I lost my sweetheart.

Mab. Ha!

Jer. (c.) No—I beg pardon! I don't mean that. I mean—I am a very miserable little chap, with an income of eight shillings a week, a small two-roomed leaky cottage,—out of employment, and willing to sarve any one who will feed and clothe me, and give me the run of the pantry.

Mab. [*Aside.*] This lad will aid me. [*Aloud.*] Your name?—what can you do, boy?

Jer. What can I not do? My name is Jeremiah Supple. I'm an orphan, and I've lost my sweetheart. As to what I can do, I can light fires, boil 'tatos, skin eels, fry sausages—and eat 'em, too; I can run errands——

Mab. Enough! serve me faithfully, and I will prove your friend.

Jer. You!—Why, you're only a gipsy—a wagrant!

Mab. No matter what I am.—Follow me. [*Giving money.*] Here is an earnest of my future favour.

Jer. A guinea!—Never saw so much at once in my life.

Mab. Listen!—I am no gipsy; this disguise is assumed for a purpose which you shall learn, and which you must assist. You will but lend your aid to succour the afflicted, and punish the oppressor.

Jer. Then blow me if I don't stick to you like bricks! It's my delight to succour the afflicted, and punish the oppressor. I drew one of Jack Fuzzey's teeth with the blacksmith's pinchers, 'cause it ached; and I whopped Sam Snacthall, 'cause he smuggled little Bandy Bob's marlows.

Mab. Follow me, boy!

Follow, with silent and with cautious tread—

Ruin shall fall on the oppressor's head!

[*Exit, R.*]

Jer. I've got a place; who's my misses, I wonder?—No matter! I shall soon know. Perhaps she's some princess in disguise, who has taken a fancy to me.

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE V.—*The same as Scene the First—the Britannia cruising in the offing—a boat, L.—Moonlight.*

LIEUTENANT EVANS *and Sailors, discovered.*

Lie. (L. c.) Now, my lads, lay close, and, at my whistle, rush forward, seize the young fellow, bundle him into the boat, and pull for the Britannia.

[The Sailors conceal themselves.]

Enter SELINA, in a Sailor's dress, as James Heartwin, L.

Sel. (c.) How I tremble! Ha! a boat!—and, yonder, the Britannia, no doubt. Give me courage, Heaven! give me courage in this, the sacrifice I make for him I love.—Why should I not make it? I have no one to bewail my loss—no parent—no one in the world that I can call a relative, save my poor brother Martin, and he is far, far at sea—or, perhaps, the sea lies heavy on his breast. Now, Selina, save thy lover—save him for himself and his fond mother. His loss would break her heart, and, in after-times, when I shall be no more, here, in my native land, they oft' will tell the tale, and drop a tear of pity as they relate the tribute of a woman's love, "The Female Sacrifice!" *[A whistle is heard.]* Ha! they are here.

[Lieutenant Evans steps forward—the Sailors rush out, seize Selina, and convey her, resisting, to the boat, which puts off at the back, C. F.]

Enter SIR WILLIAM PLEDGER and CRICK, lighting him with a torch, L.

Sir W. 'Tis done! and now she's mine;—Heartwin is no longer here to protect her,—he is—a pressed man!

[The boat reaches the ship, and Selina is taken into it.]

Enter MABEL and JEREMY, suddenly, R., as the ship is sailing off.

Mab. 'Tis false! James Heartwin is——

Sir W. In yonder vessel—bound for a foreign station—never will he behold Selina more! for he is——

Mab. Here!

Enter JAMES HEARTWIN, hastily, R.

Hea. Where is Selina?

Mab. In yonder ship! Thou wert doomed by that villain to slavery. To save thee, Selina has represented thee, has been pressed, and is now borne for ever from thy sight.

Sir W. May curses light——

Hea. On thee, thou double villain! Your life shall pay the forfeit!

[He rushes at Sir William, drags him forward, throws him on one knee, and is about to seize him again, when Mabel interposes—Crick slinks away to one side, and Jeremy stands on the other—Servants enter with torches, as the act drop falls.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Court-yard of a French Prison—a dwarf-wall, with a chevaux-de-frieze across at the back, and the ocean beyond it—the “GUARD HOUSE,” R.—another building, with a massive door and two grated-windows, “ENGLISH WARD,” L.—another door higher up, L., “FRENCH DESERTERS”—a gate, R. S. E.—a bell suspended in a frame, near R. U. E.—Vessels are seen occasionally passing.*

A Sentinel discovered parading on the wall, within the chevaux-de-frieze.

MUSIC—“*A French March.*”—*Enter* LIEUTENANT CLARISPE and Soldiers, R., followed by COLONEL DE LA GARDE.

Col. (c.) Clarispe!

Cla. I attend, Colonel.

Col. Previous to my examination of the prisoners, whom accident and not victory has placed within these walls, let me once more caution you to adopt more than usual vigilance. Exhort the sentinels to attend scrupulously to their duty, and more particularly the one who has the sea-wall station. 'Tis seldom we can boast of having amongst our prisoners such as we now hold,—part of the crew of an English line of battle-ship. The escape of even one of the Britannia's hardy sailors would bring indelible disgrace upon me.

Cla. (L. c.) Colonel, I defy them, the guards are doubled; and escape by the sea-wall, impossible. The perpendicular depth from the chevaux-de-frieze, to the ocean below, exceeds one hundred feet.

Col. No matter; too much caution cannot be used.—Call forth the prisoners. Who is first upon your list?

Cla. [*Looking at a paper.*] “Charles Johnson—captain of the fore-top of his majesty’s ship Britannia. [*Calling at the door of the English ward, L.*] Charles Johnson!

[*The Corporal of the party unlocks the door, and repeats the call.*]

MUSIC.—*Enter MARTIN ROSEBERRY—the door is fastened again.*

Col. (R. c.) Come forward, my man—fear nothing.

Mar. (c.) Do what!

Col. You have nothing to fear.

Mar. Thank ye kindly, sir—never supposed I had.

Col. Why then do you hesitate to face me?

Mar. Only because, for the first time in my life, I meet an enemy without being possessed of the means of showing him the difference between an English sailor and a French colonel—that’s all.

Col. I like your spirit, but any exhibition of it here is useless.

Mar. That may all be very true, sir, but, as we have it at home, “You can’t make a silk petticoat out of worsted bunting,” and so you can’t larn me manners to a Frenchman;—I hate him worse than poison. A Frenchman may—mind, I only say, *may*—be as good or a better man than an Englishman; but ever since I could suck grog out of a spoon, I’ve always heard he was my country’s enemy.

Col. You are, perhaps, mistaken in your opinion; but, as my prisoner—

Mar. Avast heaving there, mounseer Colonel—slip that cable out easy—not quite so much about prisoner! Look ye! if two of the best hundred and twenty gun-ships in your navy, backed by a couple of frigates to boot, had fairly tackled the old Britannia of a hundred guns, a very different sort of a story would have been told I guess, as Jonathan says. But here, a boats’ crew just makes a bit of a dash in shore, to pick up the drowning crew of one of your fishing-smacks that capsized, when a cat’s-paw comes down, and pitches our boat high and dry on your infernal coast. Down comes a hundred and fifty ugly big-whiskered curmudgeons, and nibble a boat’s crew of unarmed men, claps ’em into the bilboes, and call’s ’em prisoners of war. Now, if I was you, I tell you what I’d do: I’d say, “My fine fellows, the fortune of the winds, not

war, has placed you in my power ; I know I couldn't lick you at fair fighting, so there's a crown a-piece for you, a boat to take you on board the Britannia in the offing, and, when we meet in battle, may the best man win !'' There, commodore ! there's an end of my yarn, and now, good luck to old England ! God save the king ! and Rule Britannia !—Huzza !

[*The Colonel writes.*]

Cl. A little more respect to Monsieur le Colonel if you please, you sea-monster !

Mar. [*Sparring at him.*] Monster !—If you give me any of your jaw, prisoner as I am, I'll give you a crack over your provision-trap, that shall spoil your pollyvous for a month.

Cl. [*Jumping away.*] Tais-toi ! Rosbif !

Mar. Roast beef or boiled, only come near my fist, and I'll make hashed mutton of you in a brace of shakes.

Col. Monsieur Clarispe, laissez-le—leave him to me.—Young man, I admire your zeal, and will endeavour to do you a service. Have you been long at sea ?

Mar. Ever since I was a boy, mine has been a curious life, and can't interest you.

Col. Perhaps not of immediate interest ; but when I tell you, Englishman—[*Glancing round.*] Monsieur Clarispe, march your men without the gate, and await my orders.—[*Clarispe points significantly to Martin.*] Do as I order you. [*Music.—Exeunt Clarispe and Soldiers, at the gate, R. S. E.*] Hear me, Briton : your country contains all that is dear to me upon earth.

Mar. Sir !

Col. Your candour tells me that you are honest, and if I procure your liberty, leads me to believe you will assist my search. I have a child——

Mar. [*Aside.*] So have I, worse luck ! at Yarmouth—a fat one—such a bloater !

Col. A daughter, torn from me by a villain ! By his persuasive arts, he lured her from her home. My child, I hear, is in England. The duties of my station prevent me from seeking her. To you I'll devolve the task. I have powerful friends, who will obtain your freedom, and others, high in authority in England, will procure your discharge from the service. I like your countenance, I admire your undaunted courage, and I will trust you with this important mission. Serve me zealously, and a life of independence shall await you.

Mar. The jawing-tackle of your clipper has been running

at such a spanking rate, that the craft of my understanding finds it rather difficult to keep along-side of you; yet, I think I understand enough to give you a catechometrical answer. I was born and bred at Yarmouth. Father and mother died, and left me and a little weeny bit of a sister, to steer by ourselves through the sharp-cutting coral-reefs of life's stream. I was a strong hearty lad, and did good sarvice for myself and Selina aboard a collier. The craft I belonged to, foundered at sea; I alone survived—a man-o'-war's-boat picked me up,—the sea received me a collier, and returned me a man-o'-war's-man. That's what you call, the "fortune delly guar."

Col. You interest me.—Proceed.

Mar. We were ordered to the Indian seas to protect the trade. I never heard from Yarmouth till three years after, when I learnt that my poor little sister, a child of seven years old when I saw her last, had left Yarmouth with the creetur she had lived with, that all believed me dead; and, from that hour to this, I have never heard of poor Selina.

Col. In seeking for my child, you may find your sister.

Mar. This matter requires consideration, Colonel;—I must consult one of my mates—a youngster, as much fit for a seaman as I am for a lord chancellor. But no matter! he's a good little chap, and I don't budge one inch unless he goes with me.

Col. That shall be thought of. In an hour I will see you again. [*Calling.*] Clarispe!

Re-enter LIEUTENANT CLARISPE, R. S. E.

You will place on your extra guard, and give the prisoners an hour's walk in the court-yard.

Cla. It shall be done.

[*Music.*—*The Colonel waves his hand to Martin, and exits at the gate, R. S. E.*—*Clarispe, cautiously avoiding Martin, beckons on the Corporal, who opens the prison doors, and exits at the gate, R. S. E.*—*Clarispe is about to follow—when he is just at the gate, Martin accidentally moves towards him—Clarispe jumps out, slamming the gate in Martin's face.*

Mar. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! was there ever sich a officer? Three like him would almost frighten a lady's maid. [*Looking, L.*] But yonder I see little welcome as we call him. What the devil made 'em press such a whippersnapper for the Britannia?

[*MUSIC.*—*Air*—"Do you ever think of me, love?"

Enter SELINA ROSEBERRY, as a Sailor, L. D.

Sel. [*To Martin.*] Ah, my kind, good friend! is it you?

Mar. Your "kind, good friend," indeed! Why don't you say, What cheer, my hearty? or, Hillo, mate! how goes on the war? "My kind friend, is it you!"—sounds more like the squeaking of a great girl than the manly croak of a sailor.

Sel. Well, I will try to please you. Will this do better? [*Attempting to speak gruffly.*] Hillo, mate! how goes on the war?

Mar. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! that's a leetle better; but precious queer piping in a gale of wind. I tell you what, youngster, I begin to suspect——

Sel. [*Alarmed.*] To suspect what?

[Martin whispers in her ear.]

Sel. [*Holding down her head bashfully.*] 'Tis too true; I am a woman.

Mar. And why the devil didn't you say so before?

Sel. I know not why. I made this sacrifice to save a lover I adored. What cause I had to do so, you shall learn anon. Once on board, I intended to declare my sex; but the wild and rude manners of the crew deterred me from making the disclosure, till you afforded me the opportunity. You have my secret: use it like a man, protect me I conjure you, and, though I ne'er can give the heart that's another's, you shall have my thanks—the gratitude of a poor, defenceless orphan.

Mar. An orphan! Poor little soul! I will protect you. If any swab should dare to molest you, only you sing out, Charley, a-hoy! and he'll wish himself nine leagues to the southward of Cape Horn, scudding under bare poles, in a fog, of a dark night, and breakers right under his lee-bow.

Sel. Oh, Charles! you are a friend indeed.

Mar. Charles Johnson's the name I gave in when they picked me up, and there's no occasion to tell 'em the difference. But, look ye! here come the two precious deserting thieves that we had the shindy with yesterday. They're after no good, I warrant me. Just shove your boat along-side of mine to leeward here.

[They retire to R. U. E.]

*Enter LE FRANC and LA MORT, from the gate of the
"French Deserters," L. S. E.*

La M. (R. c.) No one near! 'tis well. The sentinel is too far off to hear us. Have you obtained it?

Le F. (c.) Yes, here is a phial of prussic acid so strong, that the smallest portion will cause instantaneous death.

La M. 'Twas brought to you in a loaf of bread?

Le F. Yes, by a dissatisfied soldier, who cleverly exchanged it for the prison bread that was intended for me.

La M. Once more your plan.

Le F. To-day is the governor's fête. He indulges all the prisoners with a holiday. Wine will be drunk. He will, no doubt, in the plenitude of his hypocritical kindness, drink a health to all. It must be so contrived that the soldiers of his guard shall drink at the same moment; each man will fall a corpse before us, and, in the confusion, we escape.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Horrible villains!

La M. This is rather wholesale murder.

Le F. Nimporte! What do we owe this governor?—He caused us to be apprehended, to be scourged—picked us out to suffer an indignity which never is inflicted upon the French soldier. Never did I say?—Yes! by him, in wantonness of spirit, upon our backs—flogged! Think of that, comrade! He, and all who assisted in the humiliating spectacle, shall die! [*Crosses to R.*]

La M. You forget, comrade; he did not flog us exactly for desertion, but for robbing our comrades, setting fire to the barracks, and attempting to——

Le F. No matter; we *were* flogged, and—they die!

[*They retire into the prison, L. S. E.—Martin and Selina come forward.*]

Sel. Oh, Charles! I pray you give the alarm and prevent mischief.

Mar. Leave me alone, youngster, will you. If you give alarm, they will be arrested only on my bare word, and, mayhap, escape the punishment their rascality deserves.—I've a trifling plan of my own, to let 'em punish themselves. Let Charley Johnson alone for making a wolf bite off his own nose.

Sel. May Heaven speed you in your endeavours to save the lives of innocent men.

[*Music.—A rocket is seen to ascend at the back—the Sentinel on the wall fires his musket.*]

Re-enter LIEUTENANT CLARISPE, *hastily, with a telescope, and ascends the parapet.*

Re-enter COLONEL DE LA GARDE, *at the gate, R. S. E., attended.*

Col. Clarispe, what alarm is this—what see you?

Cla. An English line of battle-ship off the land. She has thrown up a signal rocket. [*A rocket ascends.*] There goes another. [*A report of cannon heard.*] Ha! there is treachery somewhere, governor; that gun was from the cave below.

Col. We must be still more vigilant. What see you now?

Cla. The line of battle ship has tacked, and now stands closer in with the land. [*Another rocket ascends.*] Ha! another rocket! She is surely making signals to some one on shore. [*A gun fires.*] Another gun from the smuggler's cave. A boat puts off from the mouth of it.

Col. I fancy our alarms are groundless. 'Tis but the contrabandiers at their usual occupation.

Cla. Rather unlikely, Colonel, they should be encouraged by the captain of an English man-o'-war.

Col. This must be looked too. Let a company of musketeers parade the beach and guard the entrance to the smuggler's cave. [*Clarispe descends from the wall.*]

Cla. Your orders shall be instantly obeyed.

Col. And hark ye, monsieur Clarispe: give directions for the wine I ordered to be placed here. This is my fête, and each heart shall rejoice upon the occasion. [*To Martin and Selina.*] Englishmen, proud as you Britons are, you will not, I am sure, refuse to partake of the cheer which good will sets before you. I will soon return and pledge you. [*Exit, R. S. E.*]

Cla. Our Colonel is certainly the best hearted creature in the world. [*Looking off.*] But who the diable has the Corporal with him? A prisoner, no doubt. What can this mean?

[*Martin whispers Selina, who exits into the "English ward," L.*]

Enter the CORPORAL *with* JEREMY SUPPLE, *extremely alarmed, R. S. E.*

Cor. [*Giving a paper to Clarispe.*] An English prisoner taken under these circumstances.

[*Exit, L.—Clarispe opens the letter.*]

Jer. Only to think, that I, Jeremiah Supple, a freeholder, possessing a leaky cottage, and eight shillings per week—lawful money of Great Britain, should, at one moment, be residing on the top of Folkstone Cliff, and the next, an inmate of a French prison, on the t'other side *off* the water, near Boologyny. [*Seeing Martin.*] Ah, mate! you're a stranger to me, but it does one good to see a country-man in foreign parts—I'm most particularly glad to see you.—How are you? [*He retires up with Martin.*]

Cla. [*Reading.*] “*The crew of an English fishing-boat has been captured, and the whole liberated upon proper and satisfactory explanation, except the prisoner now sent to you, who was the bearer of a letter to the captain of the Britannia, now at sea. It was deemed proper to detain him, until the papers he carried have been examined.*” [*To Jeremy.*] Young man!

Jer. [*Advancing.*] Yes, that's me! I'm the young man.

Cla. You are at liberty——

Jer. Am I? Upon my word, I'm much obliged to you. [*Going.*] Good bye!

Cla. Hold!—to remain here for the present; when I return, I shall lock you up. [*Exit, R. S. E.*]

Jer. Thank ye! What a funny chap that is; he says I'm at liberty to be a prisoner. It's their turn now;—but see how I'll sarve 'em. I'll bring an action against 'em for false imprisonment. They have no right to detain me. I'm not a sailor nor a soldier; I'm a freeholder, and have got a leaky cottage and eight shillings a-week. I'll sue 'em for swinging damages. [*To Martin.*] What'll they do with me?

Mar. Why, as you are neither soldier or sailor, they'll hang you as a spy.

Jer. (R. C.) Hang me! I an't a spy, I'm a freeholder.

Mar. What business had you on board a fishing-craft so close in with the land?

Jer. The business of a postman. You must know my misses is a witch. She found out that a young girl had got herself pressed, and was aboard the *Britannia*. So she ordered me to come out to sea in one of the Folkstone boats, and try to convey a letter to her, and to the captain of the *Britannia*, now cruising off here, in order that the girl might be sent on shore. The wind came on to blow very hard—so hard, that it blowed the *Britannia* right out of the way, and blowed our boat right in the way. A privateer picked us up, and brought us into Boologyny.

Mar. The girl you speak of is not on board the Britannia. She is a prisoner—she is *here!*

Jer. None of your nonsense! you're not her. I'm not to be gammoned into taking such a hairy-chinned tar as you for Selina Roseberry.

Mar. Who?

Jer. Selina Roseberry to be sure!

Mar. Merciful Heaven, I thank thee!

Jer. Here's a row!—What is the matter?

Mar. Should you know her in a sailor's dress?

Jer. Know her! Ay, in any dress.

Re-enter SELINA ROSEBERRY, from the "English Ward."

Mar. Does this lad resemble her?

Sel. [*Suppressing a scream of joy.*] Mr. Jeremiah Supple!

Jer. Selina Roseberry!

Mar. Sister!

Sel. How! Charles Johnson——

Mar. No, no! Martin Roseberry!

Sel. Brother! [*They rush into each other's arms.*]

Jer. Huzza! Folkstone for ever—Nelson for ever—everybody for ever!

Mar. Lord, lord, Selly! and are you the little, tiny, fair-headed angel I left ten years ago? How you are changed!

Sel. And are you the slim lad that used to carry me in his arms to the sea shore, to find pretty shells and pebbles for sister Selly. How you must be changed that I should not have known you! I can recollect you was a handsome lad, and better looking than any in Yarmouth.

Jer. Was he? Then he's precious altered. I don't wonder you didn't know him.

Mar. But tell me, Selina, by what means has this meeting been accomplished? Why are you in this dress?

Sel. I will tell you all; there is a tale which, when you know——

Jer. He'll set fire to the mansion house, and knock Sir William Pledger's eye out.

Mar. Who is the villain?

Jer. I said so; there'll be the devil to pay in Folkstone.

Mar. Folkstone! what has Folkstone to do with my sister? Tell me all! I will be as calm as——

Jer. The Bay of Biscay in a hurricane—the bursting of a

steam-engine—a doctor who has lost his fee—a lawyer his client—or an old maid, with a stupid partner at whist.

Mar. For the present my curiosity must remain under hatches. There's a plot of the devil's own brewing, which requires my aid to founder. Mr. Supple, just tow my sister under your larboard-fin into yon cage, till I sing out for you, and mind, keep your jawing-tackle fast, for if you let go the flying-jib of your palaver, before I give you leave, I'll tie your neck in a double kink, and make you food for fishes.

Jer. Ay, ay! I'll be as mute as a mackerel, and as close as an oyster. Come along, Selina!

[*Exeunt Selina and Jeremy, into the "English ward."*]

Mar. [*Looking off.*] They are steering this way with the wine. Now, Martin, look out a-head, and see if you can't get the weather-gage of two as black-hearted thieves as ever hoisted the black flag.

[*Retires up, R.*]

MUSIC.—*Enter the CORPORAL and two Soldiers, who bring two tables and place them R. and L., with wine-cups, fruits, bread, meat, &c.—they set out the tables, place four bottles of wine in a row on each, and retire.*

Re-enter LA MORT and LE FRANC, cautiously, from the "Deserters' ward"—La Mort takes the first bottle on the table, R., draws the cork, and Le Franc pours the contents of a phial of prussic acid into it, and replaces the cork—they retire to the L. corner, exchanging looks, and exulting in their scheme—Martin, unperceived, exits into the "English ward."

Re-enter COLONEL DE LA GARDE, LIEUTENANT CLARISPE, and French Soldiers, R. S. E.—the Colonel gives Clarispe directions—he orders the Corporal, who rings the bell.

Re-enter MARTIN, SELINA, JEREMY SUPPLE, and English Prisoners—they range, L., the Soldiers, all in a line, R., and the Colonel, C.—while they are arranging themselves, Martin slips out of the rank unperceived, and, taking the first bottle from off the table, R., passes behind the line, and exchanges it for the first bottle on the table, L., and, in the same way, places that on the table, R., precisely where the other stood—he then takes his station next to Selina.

Col. Soldiers and prisoners! at this moment—and for this day only—you are equals. Drink the toast I shall

propose, and, for this day, you are at liberty to mingle in amusements as you shall think fit, so that you disturb not the order of the fortress.

[They fall back on each side—the Corporal draws the cork of the first bottle on the table, R., and Le Franc the first on the table, L.—they all fill their glasses.]

Col. May a speedy union cement the two greatest nations in the universe—England and France, and may their united efforts bring peace and prosperity to all the world!

[A Chord.—They all drink—Le Franc drains his glass to the dregs, and, with a shriek of horror and agony, falls dead, before La Mort has drunk his—they all start.]

Col. Ha! treason is here—poison has been administered! Who has done this?

Mar. *[Rushing forward and seizing La Mort.]* Here he is, your honour! at least, here is one of 'em. T'other has paid his shot—got toke for yarn, as they say in Jamaica.

Col. Explain this mystery.

Mar. Why, you see, your honour, I always reckoned myself a bit of physigogoner, and, not liking the cut of either of these chaps mugs, I looked as sharp arter 'em, as a king's cruiser arter a prevateer. By and bye, they veers out a fathom or two of their intention to poison you this blessed moment. I was close in their wake, and seed the stiff 'un there pour out a phial of what he called Prussian someat, into that bottle; so while your backs were turned, I changes the bottles; by which means, I saves the life of one who, I think, is a decentish sort of a chap, though he is a Frenchman, and sends one to Old Nick, who, I think, is too bad to be sent back again. And now, your honour knows all about it, as Jem Garvan did when he pceped in the pig-stye and the old sow bit off his nose.

Col. Take hence that corpse. *[The Soldiers remove the body of Le Franc.]* You, *[To La Mort.]* an accomplice in this foul attempt, shall take your trial for this atrocious crime. Away with him!

La M. *[Advancing.]* A word before I go. You, Colonel, receive my hatred and my curse. *[To Martin.]* And you, receive your reward!

[He suddenly draws a pistol from his breast, and fires at Martin—Selina rushes between them, and receives the shot—she falls—Jeremy raises her—]

Martin flies at Le Franc, whom he seizes by the throat—the Frenchman sinks with strangulation under his grasp—he is released by two Soldiers, who bear him off at the gate, R. S. E.—Exit Clarispe after them.

Mar. [Turning to Selina.] Sister!

Sel. 'Tis nothing, brother—[Pointing to her arm.] a mere scratch.

Col. Sister—brother! What means all this?

Re-enter CLARISPE, hastily, R. S. E.

Cla. Arm! arm! alarm the garrison! The Britannia's crew have landed, and, assisted by the traitrous smugglers, have entered their cave below. The man who brings the intelligence, informs us, that there is a passage, known only to the smugglers, leading from the cave into this very prison. Colonel, beware! we are surrounded by danger.

Col. Soldiers, stand to your arms! [The Soldiers seize their muskets, which they had placed against the guard-house.] Prisoners, retire!

Mar. Colonel, I respect but cannot obey you. Three cheers, my boys, and one gallant struggle for liberty or death! Jeremy, retire into the ward, and protect my sister.

Jer. I will. [Aside.] As I shall protect myself.

[Exit, with Selina, into the prison, L.]

Col. Upon them! charge!

[Music.—As the Soldiers are advancing, a loud huzza is heard without—an explosion takes place, and blows up a part of the fortress—an English Officer rushes through the opening, leading a party of Sailors, with torches—they make good their ground—French Soldiers rush on—firing is heard without—the guard-house is set on fire by a torch—the wall breaks down, and discovers the Britannia, in full sail—the Frenchmen are overpowered—Colonel de la Garde is knocked down—an English Sailor is about to despatch him—Martin runs between them, and saves his life—Jeremy brings out Selina, who rushes into her brother's arms.—Picture, and air, "Rule Britannia," as the act drop falls.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Deck of the Britannia.*

Enter JEREMY SUPPLE *and* MARTIN ROSEBERRY, L.

Jer. I say, Martin, who do you think that chap is, that you saved from the wreck?

Mar. Some great man, no doubt. He was on board a vessel from India, bound for Portsmouth, which foundered at sea about an hour before we picked him up, floating on a spar. Poor gentleman! he only was saved.

Jer. I wonder what's in the leather trunk that he'd got tied to his shoulders?

Mar. His fortune, mayhap.

Jer. Has he got a cottage and eight shillings a-week?

Mar. Mayhap he hasn't, but I know what he's got.

Jer. What?

Mar. The build of one who would pull the bowsprit of any impertinent craft who should venture to enquire.

Jer. Lawks! you don't say so! I'm shot then if I don't keep my bowsprit out of arms' way.

Mar. Belay! I hear the skipper coming. Shove your boat off.

Jer. I will. [*Going, but returns.*] I say, martin!

Mar. Well!

Jer. Do try to find out what's in that leather portmantle; do, that's a good fellow. [*Exit, R.*]

Enter CAPTAIN MORRIS *and* the HONOURABLE GERARD PLEDGER, *in an oriental dress*, L.

Cap. Martin!

Mar. Your honour!

Cap. Have you seen every comfort bestowed upon your sister?

Mar. I have, thanks to your honour for your blessed kindness.

Cap. Go upon deck, sir, and let me know when Portsmouth is in sight.

Mar. Ay, ay, sir! [*Aside, looking at Gerard.*] What a rum chap! I think, if master Jeremy was just now to ask him about his portmantle, he'd look him into fits, and give him a Botany Bay ague. [*Exit, R.*]

Ger. (c.) Captain Morris, allow me, once more, to reiterate my thanks for your kind attentions to me. You

will say, you have only done your duty; but when a man, doing his duty, is guided by feeling and friendly motives, the obligation is so much the greater. You do not know me, captain. I stand before you as having lost all I possessed in the world, save the treasure which I bore about my person. Yet it may so occur that my interest, and my connection in an influential quarter, may be of service to you.

Cap. (R. c.) I thank you, whoever you may be. I——

Ger. I pray you urge not now to know. The disclosure of my name might, perchance, involve the safety of a plan not yet matured; but believe me, I am a man of honour and of rank. Long residence in India has given me excess of wealth, which I have transmitted to England. Land me at Portsmouth, and within a week, you shall hear from me. The leathern case which I fortunetely saved, contains deeds and other documents, by which my claim to certain estates must be substantiated.

Re-enter MARTIN, R.

Mar. Portsmouth's in sight, sir, on the lee-beam, bearing ten miles north-north. [*Exit, R.*]

Cap. I must on deck—at dinner we meet again. [*Exit, R.*]

Ger. So! my destiny is fulfilled! All I have lived for, is gone!—snatched from me for ever. Oh! how I loved her! Never can I forget the beauteous morning, when, leaving my bungalow, and straying by the tortuous banks of the deep Jumma, I first beheld my Immalayeh. All nature seemed to smile upon me! The scorching sun had not yet sipped the sparkling dew from every flower! Pure drops of liquid crystal trembled on each blade of grass, which bent beneath the dewey weight, the renovator of the pastures. Under the shadow of the lofty banian, whose many stems surrounded her, sat the sweet girl, musing as 'twere, upon the stream before her, ever and anon heaving a sigh of sorrow, as tears stood trembling at the portals of her eyes, and then coursed down her lovely cheek. I addressed her. She was a lonely flower, left but to perish in the wilderness. Her parents both had died—she trusted to me, and I deceived her not. Once—and once alone—oppressed by wine, the demon passion whispered in my ear a baneful something which I dared to nourish. I sought the maid—she slept. I gazed upon her,—'twas but for a moment. Reason, the brightest goddess that mankind can worship, drew forth the veil which had con-

cealed her. She waved her hand;—I fled abashed, and cursed myself for having dared to harbour a thought of ill to Immalayeh. In England we were to have been united—the vessel foundered—a huge wave tore her from my arms—she perished!—died before my aching sight, and all my hopes fled with her!

[He sits down in a chair in an agony of anguish.]

Re-enter MARTIN, R.

Mar. Captain Morris, your honour, would see you on deck.

Ger. I come. *[Exit Martin, R.]* Come, to gaze upon the waters, beneath whose heaving bosom she now sleeps. Rouse thee, Gerard! and from those waters look upwards to their canopy; there thou wilt meet her again. *[Exit, R.]*

SCENE II.—Folkstone.

Enter BOBBY CRICK, L., walking very fast, and looking at his watch.

Crick. Fast—too fast by half an hour, four minutes, and seventeen seconds. What a devilish deal I've got to do to be sure. I'm Squire Pledger's head man!—Cut my shop, 'cause my shop cut me—customers dropped off—I dropped down—kicked out by the smugglers 'cause I served the excise—rent came due—funds absent—taxes ditto—funds ditto—clothes seedy—tailor shy—hat queer—hatter queerer—butchers, bakers, etcetera, etcetera, doubtful. At last it came to positive hunger—up to snuff, down at a pinch! Squire wanted a cat's paw, and here I am—his right hand, left to do for him nothing that is right. Can't help it; conscience is like a snappish cur—look him full in the face, and he'll bolt. *[Looking off.]* Ha! here comes my splendid master.

Enter SIR WILLIAM PLEDGER, R.

Sir W. Crick!

Crick. *[Crossing to R.]* Your honour, I'm going fast where you desired me.

Sir W. Then stand fast—I want you.

Crick. Here I am, fixed as fippence, your honour's rumble-come-tumble.

Sir W. I have news for you. Selina Roseberry has returned. She has found her brother, and I fear some mischief lurks against me. This girl must appear to the world a criminal, and I, pure as the unsullied snow!

Crick. I am all ears.

Sir W. Steal secretly into the dwelling where Selina lived. In some box, or chest, well known to have been her's, place these trinkets. [*Giving a watch and jewels.*] As soon as she arrives in Folkstone, she must be accused of robbery. Let her cottage be searched; the evidence will appear, and she will be condemned;—but I will save her, if she consent to be my mistress.

Crick. It shall be done, your honour.

Sir W. Ay, and quickly, too. Away, good Crick! Selina once mine, name a reward, and it is yours. [*Exit, L.*]

Crick. Crick, Crick! if thou dost this, thou wilt deserve to have a crick in thy neck. No! I'll not go fast this time, I'll wait to see what chances turn up, for, whenever a battle takes place, it's always adviseable to side with the strongest party. [*Exit, slowly, L.*]

Enter MARTIN and SELINA, (in her own dress) R.

Mar. So, my dear sister, here we are, once more, ashore. The prelimineries of peace have been signed, and, though I love the sea, I'm not sorry to be at anchor on land; and, mark ye, love, though an English sailor does better than any other, the duties his station calls upon him to perform, he is ever ready to assist a conquered enemy, and rejoices heartily when the olive-branch of peace waves o'er the crimson flag of war.

Sel. How much more cause have I for rejoicing, when the peace restores to me a dear brother.

Mar. Well, well, tell me, Selly,—where have you sent Jeremy? He cast off the painter just now in a devil of a hurry. Some sweethearting, I'll be bound.

Sel. You have guessed right, Martin. You will shortly see one to whom I have long given my heart, and to whom, I hope, you will give your friendship.

Mar. Whatever craft my sister hangs her pennant on, must be worthy of my sailing in convoy.

Sel. Ah, Martin! you are a dear, good brother—not a bit altered since you was my own dear Martin at Yarmouth.

Jeremy Supple. [*Without, R.*] Come along, my dear fellow, and never mind your dress;—heave a-head, as you say!

Enter JEREMY SUPPLE and JAMES HEARTWIN, R.

Hea. [*Rushing towards Selina, and clasping her in his arms.*] Selina! my own dear Selina!

Sel. James! this is indeed a joyful meeting.

Hea. I shall never forget the sacrifice you made for me.

Jer. And when I forget——

Mar. [*Interrupting him.*] Avast, mate! let me speak. [*To Heartwin.*] I am the brother of the little frigate you have taken in tow, and if you'll promise to convoy her kindly through the voyage of life, you shall have her.

Hea. That I will! The death of an uncle who disowned me while living, has enabled me to purchase a small farm, and I have now the means and the inclination to make my Selina happy.

Mar. Bravo, my lad! you're one of the right sort! [*To Selina.*] Take his hand, my beauty, 'tis an honest one.—Here we are abreast of Old Molly's crib,—in we pitch, and there, over a palaver as the Indians call it, settle our order of sailing for the rest of life's voyage; and, though we may never again have a war, let us not forget, whether at sea or on shore, the lesson that Nelson taught our enemies, "Britannia rules the waves."

Jer. Who wrote that song, Mr. Martin?

Mar. Freedom composed the words, Victory the music, and Humanity steered the pen! 'Tis a song recorded among nations, as the rallying point of Britons!—'Tis the watchword of the patriot! While softer melodies please the ear, point me out one more inspiring than Rule Britannia. [*Exeunt into the cottage, R.*

SCENE III.—*Interior of the Cottage—a table and chairs, C.—a door, C. F.—another, R. S. E.*

GOODY MOLLY discovered, seated.

Enter MARTIN, SELINA, and HEARTWIN, C. D. F.

Mar. Goody Molly, ahoy! She's as deaf as a capstan.

Goody. [*Rising.*] Who calls? [*Meeting and embracing Selina.*] Lord love ye, Selly! [*Drawing forward chairs and table.*] Come, sit ye down! and if we never have one again, we'll have a jolification now.

[*Selina and Heartwin sit.*

Mar. Goody, you've acted like a Briton to my sister.—Here! [*Offering a purse.*] take this as an earnest of my gratitude.

Goody. [*Shaking hands with him.*] You may be my friend, but if I touch your hard-earned money for having done as I wou'd be done by, may I be ducked for a scold, or burnt for a witch.

[A loud knocking heard—the cottage-door is opened from without.]

Enter BOBBY CRICK and Constables, C. D. F.

Crick. Most worthy and honoured Goody Molly, it grieves me to intrude, but I have an unpleasant duty to perform.

Mar. None of your jawing, Captain Croker! if you have dispatches containing ill news, the sooner you overhaul them the better.

Crick. I charge you and your friend there not to oppose the law. I have a warrant to apprehend Selina Roseberry for robbery.

Omnes. Robbery!

Sel. Merciful heavens! what mean you?

[Martin is about to seize Crick by the throat, when he takes out a warrant, and shakes a Constable's staff at him.]

Mar. *[Making a violent effort to repress his rage, and drawing from him.]* Robbery!—Marlinspikes, pipes, and pig-tail!

Crick. *[To the Constables.]* Gentlemen, do your duty.

[They advance to the door, R. S. E.]

Goody. *[Interposing.]* By the lord harry, if you attempt to go into my bed-room, I'll scratch your eyes out.

[Crick takes her arm, and turns her away—the Constables exit, R. D.]

Mar. *[Grasping Crick.]* Belay there! your warrant don't authorize you to molest an old woman. If you lay a finger on her again, I'll make a holy-stone of your head, and a door-mat of your skin, you half-bred mongrel!

Crick. (R.) Mind! my life's in danger—I'll swear the peace against you. *[Re-enter the Constables, R. D., bearing a box, which they give to Crick.]* By the virtue of my office, I open this box. *[He proceeds to force it open.]*

Sel. *[Crossing to him, R.]* Conscious of my innocence, I oppose no obstacle to your search. *[Giving the key to Crick.]* Here, sir, is the key.

Crick. If there is no property found here belonging to Sir William Pledger, you are innocent; if otherwise, guilty!

[Music.—Crick opens the box, and, unseen by Selina and her friends, thrusts to the bottom of it, a watch and jewellery—they all approach the box—Crick takes out the cloaths one by one, then the watch]

and jewels—He holds them up, and they all start with surprise.—A Chord.

Crick. [To *Selina*.] Now, what say you to these indubitable proofs?

Sel. [Greatly agitated.] I cannot speak!

Crick. Guilt takes away her utterance.

Hea. You lie!—you long-eared swab, you lie!—Conscious innocence deprives her of speech.

Crick. There is presumptive proof——

Mar. That you're a rogue!—But 'tis no use firing broadsides into the water. Do what you call your duty, and I'll do mine. [*Selina runs into his arms.*] Selly, you are innocent, I know you are!

Crick. [To the Constables.] Gentlemen, do your duty. [To *Selina*.] You are my prisoner.

[*Music.—The Constables lay hold of Selina, who faints in their arms—Crick goes towards the door, c. f.—Goody bursts into tears—Martin stands, R., gazing with agony on Selina—Heartwin takes her hand, and kneels by her, L., as the scene closes.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Open Country.*

Enter SIR WILLIAM PLEDGER, L.

Sir W. All goes well. *Selina* is mine—irrevocably mine! She will be found guilty—I will save her from a prison, and convey her to London—should my plans fail, the smugglers, whom I have hired, will secure our safety.

Enter BOBBY CRICK, L.

So, my faithful agent, what news?

Crick. (c.) *Selina* is a prisoner in the mansion house.

Sir W. (R. c.) Hasten, then, to Sir Edward Vernon the magistrate; tell him a felon is in custody, and that his presence is respectfully requested for the examination.

Crick. Yes, sir, but a trifling payment on account of services already performed, would be most gratefully received by your humble servant to command, Bob Crick, who begs leave to present his little account.

[*He produces a long bill.*]

Sir W. Psha! have I not told you I would reward you when all is done? [*Aside.*] I will, in a way he little expects.

Crick. But a leetle something on account would——

Sir W. [*Turning away.*] I am not in a mood to trifle.

Crick. [Aside.] So—he hesitates—he trifles with me!
Crick, my friend, 'tis time to go over to the enemy.

Sir W. Why are you not gone to the magistrate?

Crick. I'm off! [*Aside, going.*]

I go—to put a rod in pickle,—

Somebody's toby for to tickle. [*Exit, L.*]

Sir W. I must use dispatch or that fellow will betray me.

[*Going, R.*]

Enter MABEL, suddenly, R., meeting him.

Mab. [Catching his arm.] Hold! I would speak with you.

Sir W. Vagrant! release me!—do not contaminate me with thy touch!

Mab. [Loosing her hold, and crossing to L.] Contaminate! [*Laughing hysterically.*] Ha, ha, ha! there was a time—but—no—no matter!

Sir W. What would you?—charity? [*Offering money.*] here!

Mab. Money! I'll none on't. I'd have a favour of thee.

Sir W. [Aside.] Her voice plays strangely on my ear.
[*Aloud.*] What favour would'st thou, woman?

Mab. (c.) Seest thou yon maythorn bush? [*Pointing off wildly.*] There! behold!—Autumn's chill has fallen upon it! It's flowers were bright and bonny once, but now they droop and wither.

Sir W. (R. c.) Again, I say, what would'st thou?

Mab. I would have thee restore those flowers to their pristine beauty—give them back their brilliant hue?—Wilt thou, dearest? wilt thou?

Sir W. Leave me, woman! thou art mad!

Mab. Mad!—I?—Who says so?—No, no! I'm not mad!

AIR.—MABEL—(*anonymous.*)

Oh! from the bonny maythorn bough,

A lesson you may borrow;

It's flowers are sweet and blooming now,

But dead and dry to-morrow.

I saw the maiden bright and brave,

Her lover rode beside her;

But now she has an unknown grave,

And a nameless stone to hide her.

Oaths are but words, and words but breath,

How strong so'er you make them;

And fickleness, as well as death,

Perhaps may chance to break them.

Then from the bonny maythorn bough,
 A lesson you may borrow;
 Its flowers are sweet and blooming now,
 But dead and dry to-morrow.

[*She gazes earnestly upon Sir William.*]

Sir W. [*Recognizing her, and recoiling.*] Mabel!

Mab. That name! I have heard it before. Ma—Ma—
 [*Curtsying.*] What did you say, sir?

Sir W. [*Aside.*] If this be not assumed, it is most horrible! [*Aloud.*] My good girl, why are you here?—why are you thus?

Mab. Good! [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! I was good once—very good, and my father loved me dearly. He was an officer of France, and wore gay and gallant plumes. I wish I had one now. Peace they say has come. I promised to carry an olive branch to my father in my own country, but they will not let me go.

Sir W. Who will not let you?

Mab. Him—him!—I forget his name—my husband!
 [*Shrieking, and laughing hysterically.*] Husband! Yes, my husband! he will soon come—his name is Death—his habitation his—the Grave!

[*Sings wildly.*]

Bonny the bridal, and bonny the day!
 Bonny the worms as they turn up the clay!
 The toad and the lizard so blithe and so brave;
 The bridegroom and bridesmaid—the altar, the grave!

[*She sinks exhausted to the ground, c.*]

Sir W. This is beyond endurance! What ho, there! help! a dying maniac is here!—help! help!

[*Exit, calling, L.—Music, piano—a dead pause.*]

Enter JEREMY SUPPLE, R., followed by COLONEL DE LA GARDE, out of uniform.

Jer. (R. C.) Ah, your honour! there's no knowing what changes happen in a man's life. One minute grass, the t'other hay; here to-morrow, gone to-day. Who would have thought, when I was your prisoner in France, I should be in England your guide, and your humble servant what is to be.

Col. (R.) You shall be my attendant, my good fellow, if I find my child; if not, alas! I may lay me down and die!

Jer. Well, your honour, only let me find my mistress, and tell her I delivered her letter safely; then I shall resign my situation, and become head-man to Colonel de la Garde. [*Seeing Mabel.*] By the mulberry nose of old

Tongs the smuggler, there she is fast asleep. Ah, poor soul! I always thought she was a little here. [*Touching his forehead.*] You understand. I know where Doctor Drybones lives; I'll fetch him afore you can say chips.

[*Exit, L.*

Col. [*Crossing to Mabel.*] The woman sleeps not; her eyes are fixed and open. Let me not, in my own sorrows, forget the duties of humanity.

[*Music.—He raises Mabel and brings her forward.*

Mab. I have been dreaming—dreaming that I saw my father. He frowned upon me. I would have rushed into his arms, but he would not receive me. “Begone, thou accursed one!” exclaimed he. The fearful words still ring in the ear of the unfortunate Mabel.

Col. Mabel!

Mab. Ha! who uttered that name?—That voice! can it be? Spirit of good or evil, which e’er thou art, come, let me grapple with thee! It is a vision I have oftentimes seen; it has ever eluded my grasp, but now [*Seizing her father.*] I hold thee!—never will I loose my hold, ’till I scan thy visage and see if thou art mortal.

[*She gazes in his face, and uttering a dreadful scream, falls insensible.*

Col. Merciful powers, I thank thee! I have found my child.

[*He kneels by her—She slowly recovers, tries to recollect himself, looks at him again, rises, and, throwing herself upon his neck, bursts into tears.*

Col. Mabel, my child! thy father speaks to thee—dost thou not know me?

Mab. Yes, yes! I know you now. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon! pardon!

Col. [*Raising her.*] Rise, my poor crushed flower, and shelter in a father’s bosom.

Mab. Can there be such happiness in store for me. No, no! spurn me—cast me from you!

Col. What! think’st thou, Mabel, I will visit the sins of thy betrayer upon thy head? can a father who refuses mercy to his erring child, dare to ask mercy of his Father in Heaven? Thou art forgiven—thou art my child!

[*They embrace, and the scene closes.*

SCENE V.—Folkstone.

Enter CRICK, JARVIS, and other Smugglers, R.

Crick. There! now I’ve given you a guinea a-piece as

earnest. Mr. Jarvis, you know what you have to do. Away to the mansion-house, conceal yourselves in the buttery, and, while the examination is taking place, be all of you ready at the door of the room, and the moment Squire Pledger calls out "Yo ho, there!" rush in and secure the girl. Two of you will bear her off to the chaise, which you will find ready, and the rest of you will prevent the squire from being followed. You understand.

Jar. All's right; we'll do it. We are not over particular when we're well paid.

Crick. Away!—You'll find one in readiness to receive you; but mind, keep steady, no—[*Imitating a drunken man.*] none of that you know.

Jar. Never fear; all shall be as right as a dark night and a free run. Heave-a-head, my lads!

[*Exeunt Jarvis and Smugglers, L.*]

Crick. The squire has come down handsomely, or I wouldn't have done this. I don't much like it, but my poverty, not my will, consents.

Enter MARTIN, R., with a large stick.

Mar. [*Brandishing his stick.*] Don't you think you are an infernal scoundrel?

Crick. Don't you think I could answer your questions better if you didn't keep jiggling that precious shilelah about my ears? I'm a peaceable man—I won't fight!

Mar. You fight! you be——Psha! you're not worth an oath. But tell me, ain't you a precious villain?

Crick. Better names, Mr. Roseberry; scoundrel and villain are actionable. You will find that Coke upon Lyttleton says——

Mar. Hang Lyttleton, and burn Coke! Isn't my sister innocent, and don't you know it?

Crick. You have no right to call for evidence, you are not a magistrate.

Mar. If I take you before one, will you tell truth?

Crick. What will you give me?

Mar. Do you want to be paid for telling the truth?

Crick. I've been paid so often for telling a lie, that I should like to try.

Mar. [*Coaxingly.*] I think you're a tidyish sort of a fellow at bottom arter all.

Crick. None of your gammon. But if I do as you wish me, will you make it all right?

Mar. Prove my sister innocent, and name your reward.

Crick. Ay, it's easy to say name it. Will you give it me?

Mar. Sure as the devil looks over Lincoln.

Crick. Come along, then. Mind, I don't say she is innocent, but if I can make her appear so——

Mar. Appear! She is so! and you shall prove her so.
[*Seizing him.*] I've got you now; and until you have told all you know, I'll be d—d if I'll part with you!

Crick. If this is a sample of the reward, it's confoundedly like strangulation.

Mar. [*Dragging him off.*] Come along, blubber-head!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Hall in Sir William Pledger's Mansion—folding-doors, C. F.—chairs, and a table, covered with books and papers, R. C.*

The Honourable Gerard Pledger, in a black gown seated at the table—Sir William Pledger seated next him—Selina, in custody, R.—James Heartwin and Goody Molly, L.—Mary Hart, and Constables—discovered.

Ger. The illness of Sir Edward Vernon prevents him from attending this examination. I am a county magistrate, and being on a visit to Sir Edward Vernon's, was happy to offer my services.

Sir W. The case is felony—the facts simple, and the proofs indubitable.

Ger. Hold, sir! you are prejudging the case. State the accusation, and we will hear the evidence.

Sir W. The prisoner, Selina Roseberry, had been on intimate terms with a female servant of mine; her visits here were frequent—they became less so, and then ceased altogether. Property had been lost, and suspicion fell upon her; she absconded, and escaped on board a man-of-war in the disguise of a sailor. On her return to Folkestone her box was searched, and in it was found my property

[*Places the watch and jewels on the table.*]

Ger. Call your servant.

[*A Constable beckons forward Mar.*]

Ger. [*To Mary Hart.*] Your name?

Mary. Mary Hart.

Ger. What cause had you to suspect the prisoner?

Mary. I saw her on two occasions descend the stairs, which lead to my master's bed-room, where she had left the house.

Ger. [To *Sir William*.] Have you any other witnesses?

Sir W. I have one who will be here immediately.

Ger. [To *Selina*.] In the meantime, girl, I will hear what you have to say.

Sel. [R. corner.] Sir, I am not guilty; I was never within this mansion until to-day. I do not know the witness, I never saw her before. That the property was found in my box, I do not deny, but how, or by whom it was placed there, I know not. [Kneeling.] As I hope for mercy, I am innocent.

Ger. Why did you fly, and under such circumstances?

Sel. [Rising.] I loved, sir, ardently loved. I found a letter, written by Sir William Pledger, directed to the press-master of the Britannia. It was not sealed; I read it. 'Twas an order from Sir William for the impressment of my lover. In the disguise of a sailor, I became the sacrifice, and preserved his liberty.

Enter BOBBY CRICK, L.

Ger. [To *Sir William*.] There are doubts, sir, which—

Sir W. Further evidence will remove. Mr. Crick, step forward.

Crick. [Advancing.] I am here, sir, at your service.

Sir W. [Impatiently.] Now, sir! did you not find my property in a box belonging to Selina Roseberry?

Crick. I did.

Sir W. [To *Gerard*.] You hear!

Ger. [To *Crick*.] You found it in her box, you say?

Crick. Yes, your worship, I did—watch and jewels—no mistake—bottom of the box—snug as a mummy—precisely in the spot where they had been concealed.

Ger. Who concealed the property there?

Crick. I did!

[*They all start.*]

Sir W. Villain! [*Aside.*] I am lost!

Ger. [To *Crick*.] Explain.

Crick. I have been a little mischief-making jack of all trades—I have just found out that “Honesty is the best policy”—I confess that I delivered the letter from Sir William Pledger to the Captain of the Britannia, requesting him to press James Heartwin—instigated by Sir William, I artfully placed his watch and jewels in the box, where they were discovered.

Sir W. Liar! who will believe you?

Enter CAPTAIN MORRIS, hastily, C. D. F.

Cap. [Advancing.] I will!

Ger. Speak, sir!

Cap. [*To Gerard.*] I am, as you know, Captain of his majesty's ship *Britannia*. The evidence which I have overheard, respecting the intended impressment of James Heartwin, is correct.

Hca. [*Embracing Selina, L.*] Oh, Selly! dear Selly!

Ger. Silence!

Sir W. This is a foul conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice.

Ger. [*Rising, and coming forward.*] 'Tis no wonder that the author of the foulest conspiracy that ever disgraced the annals of our laws, should suspect others.

Sir W. (R.) What mean you?

Ger. (R. C.) That I will unmask a villain! Hear all—all of you hear me, while I denounce this man!—while I tear from him the mantle of deceit which covers him!—while I show him to your eager gaze in all his native villainy—his base depravity!

Sir W. I will not hear your envenomed tongue! [*Calling.*] What ho!

Ger. [*Loudly.*] Dare but to raise your voice, and this arm shall fell you to the earth! [*Stands over him.*

Jer. Oh! what a chance for the Squire's mob! [*Exit, L.*

Ger. Two brothers were reared together 'till the death of their parents. The eldest was kind and unassuming, the youngest vicious, intelligent, and cunning. He knew that the paternal estates must fall to his brother, and he laid a plan in conjunction with their guardian to deprive him of them. The eldest boy, by the machinations of the guardian, was banished from his native land. A report was raised that he had died suddenly. The youngest son seized upon the estates, and feeling himself insecure in his ill-got possessions, he hired assassins to take the life of his brother—but mark! after many years of suffering in India, fortune smiled on the banished brother—he accumulated immense wealth, returned to England, and, standing before his amazed and unnatural persecutor, exclaimed in a voice of thunder, “Behold! I am here!” Yes, robber, here! to claim my property and unmask thy villainy!

Sir W. [*Starting in fear and astonishment.*] My brother!

Ger. [*Calmly.*] Ay! great is the catalogue of thy crimes! Thou hast polluted thy father's house—the orphan's tears have dropped unheeded on thy floor—the widow's curse has echoed in thy halls! Had your crimes been confined to stealing my inheritance, and attempting my life, I might

have pardoned you, but the infamy and disgrace you have entailed upon the name of my father, I can never forgive.

Sir W. [*Kneeling.*] Hear me, I beseech you! hear a penitane, broken-hearted brother!

Ger. [*Firmly.*] I disown thee, and cast thee from me for ever! Away, miscreant!

Sir W. [*Rising.*] I obey. [*Exit, R.*]

Ger. [*To a Constable.*] Follow him, that his future residence may be known. [*Aside, greatly affected.*] He is still my brother—he must not be left to starve!

[*Exit Constable, R.—A noise heard without.*]

Jeremy Supple. [*Loudly without, L.*] You can't go in yet, miss, you can't indeed! Do have a little patience till I can speak to his honour!

Re-enter JEREMY SUPPLE, hastily, L.

Jer. Oh, dear, sir! I'm in such a fluster! Here's an impatient lady who has got no friends and wants to be sent back to India.

Ger. [*Eagerly.*] Ha! her name?—who is she?

Jer. The beautiful Indian girl that old Gray the fisherman saved t'other day, while floating in the sea on the wreck of an Indiaman.

Ger. An Indiaman! Should it be——

Enter IMMALAYEH and Servants, L.

It is—it is my Immalayeh! [*She recognizes him, and rushes into his arms.*] Heaven be praised! I may now indeed taste true happiness. Friends, you shall share my joy and my fortune.

[*The folding-doors, c., are suddenly burst open.*]

Enter SIR WILLIAM PLEDGER and Smugglers, armed with swords and pistols.

Sir W. Ask my permission first;—I am master here. [*To the Smugglers.*] To your work! [*Pointing to Gerard.*] Secure that madman!

Smugglers. [*Rushing forward R. and L.*] Ay, ay!

[*They seize Gerard.*]

Sir W. [*Clasping Selina in his arms.*] Thou art mine! no power on earth shall wrest thee from my grasp!

Re-enter MARTIN from the back.

Mar. [*Rushing on Sir William, and snatching Selina from him.*] Avast there, you piratical land-shark!

[*The Smugglers present at Martin—Selina falls into the arms of Heartwin—Sailors rush on from the back, with a flag inscribed “RULE BRITANNIA”—they present at the Smugglers, who release Gerard, and then throw down their arms—Sir William picks up a sword, and makes a desperate lunge at Gerard—Martin catches his arm, wrests the sword from him, knocks him down, takes the flag, and holds it over him—COLONEL DE LA GARDE enters, L., supporting his daughter—Jeremy and Crick embrace, Goody Molly between them.—Picture.*

Mar. [To Sir William.] So, my pretty crocodile, we've got the weather-gage of you! [To the Audience.] Yes, my friends! we've taught our enemies never to be sure of victory, when they have to deal with Jack Tars, whose song is “Rule Britannia,” and whose watch-word is Nelson—Nelson, the morning star of Britannia's glory!—“England expects every man to do his duty!”—Let us do ours, with three cheers for the immortal hero of the Nile and Trafalgar! [*Loud cheering, as the curtain falls.*]

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